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The DURANGO KID

DURANGO KID

NO. 20





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THE DURANGO KID

STEVE BRAND AND MULEY PIKE BUY MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR WHEN THEY PURCHASED A CATTLE RANCH!

THEY PAY A HARD PRICE OF DANGER AND SIGN THE DEED IN BLOOD AS **DURANGO** RIDES TO THE TUNE OF FLAMING SIX-GUNS ALONG A BITTER TRAIL

TO THE
"SMUGGLER'S DEN!"



ART BY FRED GUARDINEER

BIG NEWS! STEVE AND MULEY HAVE BOUGHT A RANCH!

WELL, MULEY-THERE SHE IS - **THE LAZY X**! THERE'S ALL OUR LIFE - SAVINGS, PAL!

DAW-GONE, EF SHE AIN'T JEST AS PURTY AS THUH MAN SAID! WE DONE WAITED A LONG, LONG SPELL FER THIS, PARDNER!



THUH RANCH HOUSE IS SORTA LOP-EARED A BIT, BUT I RECKON YOU AN' ME KIN FIX IT UP FINE

LET'S GO! PLENTY OF WORK FOR US FROM NOW ON, OLD-TIMER!



DURANGO KID

THE DURANGO KID

BUT - INSIDE THE RANCHHOUSE..!

YEAH - SMART!

THIS IS THUH LIFE, ALL RIGHT. THUH BOSS SHORE WUZ USIN' THUH OL' BEAN ON THIS JOB

WE SQUAT ON THIS OL' ABANDONED RANCH AN' USE IT TUH HIDE THUH CATTLE WE SMUGGLE IN FROM OVER THUH BORDER..



WELL, I'LL USE WHO IN BLACK ARE YOU?

WHUT THUH - WHO IN TARNATION ARE YOU?



NEXT DIT, STEE FORK FOR

THUH JA UN'S A F SH



WE JUST **OWN** THIS SPREAD. THAT'S ALL! JUST BOUGHT IT AND TRAVELLING COWBOYS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME, GENTS, AT THE LAZY X - AS LONG AS THEY'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE! SO WHAT'S YOUR GAME?



SHOOTIN'S MUH GAME, HOMBRE! YIIII!

TWO CAN PLAY **THAT** GAME, MISTER!



NOW - REACH FOR AIR! ALL OF YOU! AND START TALKING - FAST!



GOTCHA!

SLICK WORK, TENNESSEE! GUNWHIP THET OTHER HOMBRE AN LET'S GIT OUTA HYAR! WE GOTTA REPORT THIS TUH THUH BOSS



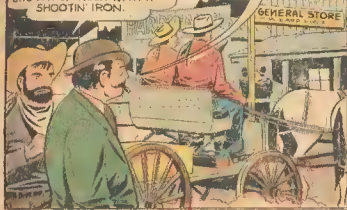
THE DURANGO KID

NEXT DAY, AFTER THEIR HEADS HAVE STOPPED ACHING A BIT, STEVE AND MULEY GO INTO THE NEARBY TOWN OF STONY FORK FOR PROVISIONS.

THUH JASPERS, BOSS. THUH YOUNGER UNS A FAST TRICK WITH A SHOOTIN' IRON.

THEM'S

HMMMM, I'LL FIX 'EM LEAVE IT TO ME!



HOWDY, SHERIFF. I SEE YUH'RE KEEPIN' YORE EYE ON THEM TWO STRANGERS WHUT JEST POPPED INTUH TOWN.

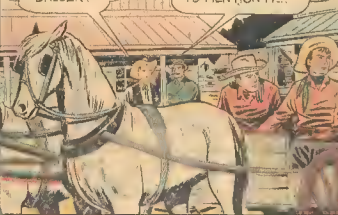
YUP-THEM TWO YOUNGSTERS MUST HAVE PLENTY O AMBITION, BUYIN' UP THET OL' BROKEN-DOWN RANCH.



I DUNNO 'PEARS MIGHTY STRANGE THUH MF THUH LAZY X BEIN' RIGHT NEXT THUH BORDER. WONDER EF THEM STRANGERS FIGGER THUH RUN SMUGGLED CATTLE ACROSS THUH LINE?

GOLLY! BUT THEM YOUNG FELLERS JEST DON'T LOOK LIKE THUH KIND THUH DO THET, BALSER!

MEBBE, BUT WITH THE HIGH BORDER TAX, SMUGGLIN' MEXICAN BEEF WOULD BE MIGHTY PROFITABLE FOR 'EM. OH WELL, JEST THOUGHT I'D MENTION IT...



DOGGONIT-YUH SHORE PUT A BUG IN MUH HAID, BALSER! BUT I GUESS IT WOULD JEST SORTA BE IN LINE O DUTY IF I RIDE OUT THAR TONIGHT AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND ANYWAY. CAIN'T DO NO HARM-AFTER ALL, THEY'RE STRANGERS!

YUH'RE RIGHT, SHERIFF. WILLS-WON'T DO NO HARM TO CHECK UP TELL YUH WHUT I'LL RIDE ALONG WITH YUH-JEST FER THUH EXERCISE AN' COMPANY

WHY, THANKS A LOT BALSER...BUT I DON'T GUESS WE'LL FIND ANYTHIN'.

OH YES YUH WILL, YUH OL' TINHORN LAWMAN-YUH LL FIND JEST EXACTLY WHUT I WANT YUH TUH FIND! HEH-HEH HEH!



THE DURANGO

LATE THAT NIGHT- IN THE RANCH HOUSE OF THE LAZY X...

A LITTLE MORE FIXIN' UP AN' THIS PLACE IS GONNA LOOK DOWNRIGHT PURTY, PARDNER.

YES, BUT YOU KNOW- I'M STILL WORRIED ABOUT THOSE BADHAT SQUATTERS WE TANGLED WITH YESTERDAY. WONDER WHAT THEIR GAME WAS...



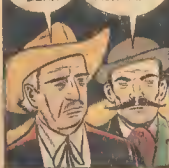
ALL RIGHT, YUH SMUGGLIN' RANNIES- REACH! YUH'RE BOTH UNDER ARREST!

WHA-A-A-T? WHAT'S THE IDEA, SHERIFF? YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON US!



OH NO? I JEST FOUND FOUR SMUGGLED MEXICAN STEERS HID IN THUH HILLS ON YORE RANGE YORE LAZY X BRAND WAS PLASTERED OVER THE OLD MEXICAN BURN!

AN' A DURN CLUMSY JOB O' BRANDBLOTTIN' EF I SAY SO, MUHSELF!



I TELL YOU IT'S A PLANT, SHERIFF- BUT I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO COME ALONG WITH YOU I'LL GET MY HAT...

YEAH /GRAB YORE SOMBRERO AN' START MOVIN'!



OKAY, SHERIFF- I'LL START MOVING!

WHUT THUH!



SORRY, SHERIFF- BUT I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER WAY OUT OF THIS FOR NOW!

OH NO YUH DON'T, HOMBRE!



COME ON, PARDNER- LET'S GET OUT FAST!

RIGHT BEHIND YUH, STEVIE!

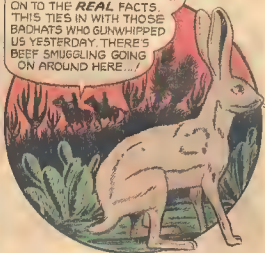


THE DURANGO KID

THIS IS GREAT—TWO NIGHTS ON OUR OWN RANCH AN' WE'RE **OUTLAWS!** GOODBYE, LAZY X—AN' ALL OUR SAVIN'S! **HEY!** WHUT THUH HECK WE RUNNIN' FER EF WE'RE **INNOCENT?**

DON'T RECKON WE'LL GET MUCH CHANCE TO PROVE OUR INNOCENCE **IN JAIL,** PARDNER!

...AND THAT SHERIFF DIDN'T LOOK SMART ENOUGH TO LATCH ON TO THE **REAL FACTS.** THIS TIES IN WITH THOSE BADHATS WHO GUNWHIPPED US YESTERDAY. THERE'S **BEEF SMUGGLING** GOING ON AROUND HERE...



...AND IF THE SMUGGLED CATTLE COMES FROM MEXICO—WHY THEN, **MEXICO'S** THE PLACE TO LOOK!



A FEW DAYS LATER—in a tiny Mexican town just over the border...

AH, SENOR BALSER! YOU ARE MANY DAYS LATE, AMIGO!

COULDN'T HELP IT, RAMANO. WE RAN INTO SOME RUMPUSS

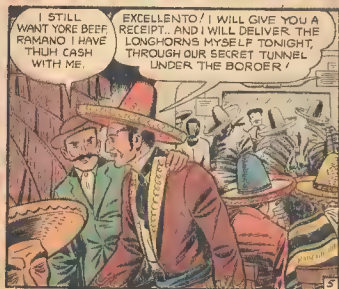
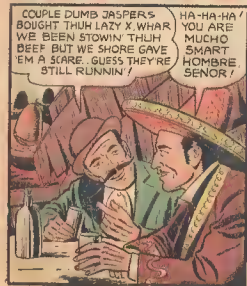


COUPLE DUMB JASPER'S BOUGHT THUH LAZY X. WHAR WE BEEN STOWIN' THUH BEEF BUT WE SHORE GAVE 'EM A SCARE. GUESS THEY'RE STILL RUNNIN'!

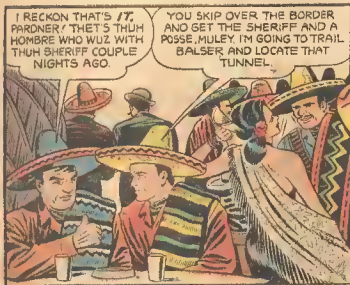
HA-HA-HA! YOU ARE MUCHO SMART HOMBRE, SENOR!

I STILL WANT YORE BEEF, RAMANO. I HAVE THUH CASH WITH ME.

EXCELLENTO! I WILL GIVE YOU A RECEIPT. AND I WILL DELIVER THE LONGHORNS MYSELF TONIGHT, THROUGH OUR SECRET TUNNEL UNDER THE BOROER!



THE DURANGO KID



I RECKON THAT'S IT, PARDNER! THET'S THUH HOMBRE WHO WUZ WITH THUH SHERIFF COUPLE NIGHTS AGO.

YOU SKIP OVER THE BORDER AND GET THE SHERIFF AND A POSSE, MULEY. I'M GOING TO TRAIL BALSER AND LOCATE THAT TUNNEL.



THAT SLEAZY SMUGGLER S GOING TO TANGLE WITH **THE DURANGO KID** - TONIGHT!



LATE THAT NIGHT... SO / EASY RAIDER THERE THEY GO INTO THAT TUNNEL. I'D NEVER HAVE FOUND IT IF I HADN'T TRAILED THEM...



HERE GOES / SOFTLY, RAIDER SOFTLY...



BUT ! SHHHH ! HEY, BOSS ! I HEAR HOOFBEATS BEHIND US. WE'RE BEIN' FOLLOWED! EASY- KEEP MOVIN' LIKE YUH DONT KNOW WE'LL MEET THUH REST O THUH GANG AT THUH OTHER SIDE AN WE'LL BE READY FER 'IM - WHOEVER HE IS!



AT THE AMERICAN SIDE OF THE TUNNEL, BALSER, ALERTS HIS GANG AND...

OKAY. BOYS - FIRE !

BANG BANG BANG

THE DURANGO KID

HMMMM - THOUGHT SO!
I'M TRAPPED IN HERE - AND
THERE'S NOT A BIT OF COVER
OUT THERE!

WHAT'S THAT! BLAZES-
CATTLE COMING THROUGH-
FAST! I'LL BE TRAMPLED!

MOVE, RAIDER - GET OUT!
NO NEED FOR YOU TO GET
TRAMPLED, TOO! WAIT OUT THERE,
RAIDER - I MAY COME OUT ALIVE...
AND, THEN AGAIN - I MAY
NOT...!

ONLY ONE CHANCE -
ONLY ONE CHANCE!

IF ONLY MY FINGERNAILS HOLD OUT!
CAN'T... CAN'T HANG ON MUCH
LONGER...

MOVE OVER,
HOMBRE!

DIABLO!

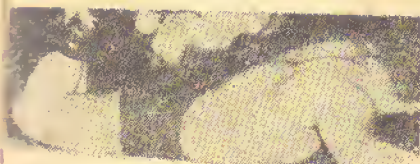
HOWDY, RAMANO - SEEN
ANYTHIN' IN THAR OF A HOMBRE
IN A BLACK SHIRT AN' HAT?
EXPECT HE'S PURTY SQUASHED
UP - YUH MIGHTA MISSED
HIM!

YEAH HIS BRONC
CAME OUT BUT
HE'S IN THAR
DAID FER
SHORE!

THE DURANGO KID



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the DURANGO KID

THE DURANGO KID SLAPS LEATHER TO DEFEND A HELPLESS GIRL FROM WHAT COULD BE CERTAIN MURDER... BUT FINDS SURPRISE IN THE SADDLE WHEN

"THE LADY SHOTS A HOT IRON!"



FRED GUARDINER

ONE NIGHT, MULEY AND STEVE HEAR A SCRATCHING ON THE DOOR OF THEIR NEW RANCHHOUSE

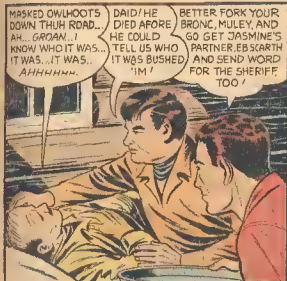


IT'S GEORGE JASMINE - OUR NEIGHBOR FROM THUH J-BAR-J!

AND HE'S HURT BAD! LET'S GET HIM INSIDE FAST, MULEY!



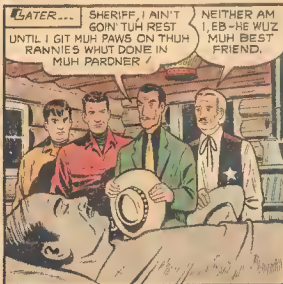
THE DURANGO KID



MASKED OWLHOOTS DOWN THUH ROAD...
AH... GROAN... I KNOW WHO IT WAS... IT WAS... IT WAS...
AHHHHHHH.

DAID! HE DIED AFORE HE COULD TELL US WHO IT WAS BUSHED 'IM!

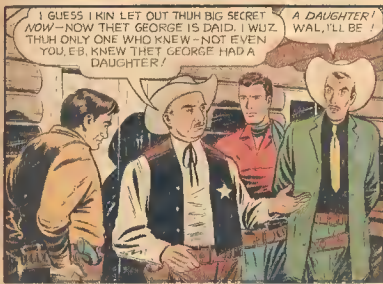
BETTER FORK YOUR BRONC, MULEY, AND GO GET JASMINE'S PARTNER, EB SCARTH AND SEND WORD FOR THE SHERIFF TOO!



LATER... UNTIL I GIT MUH PAWS ON THUH RANNIES WHUT DONE IN MUH PARDNER!

SHERIFF, I AIN'T GOIN' TUH REST

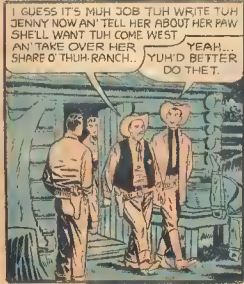
NEITHER AM I, EB-HE WUZ MUH BEST FRIEND.



I GUESS I KIN LET OUT THUH BIG SECRET NOW-NOW THET GEORGE IS DAID. I WUZ THUH ONLY ONE WHO KNEW-NOT EVEN YOU, EB, KNEW THET GEORGE HAD A DAUGHTER!

A DAUGHTER! WAL, I'LL BE!

YER, GEORGE SENT JENNY AWAY THUH SCHOOL A LONG TIME AGO-AFORE HE TOOK YOU ON AS PARDNER, EB. HE DIDNT WANT HIS KID THUH GIT MIXED UP IN THUH RANCHIN' LIFE.



I GUESS IT'S MUH JOB THUH WRITE THUH JENNY NOW AN' TELL HER ABOUT HER PAW SHE'LL WANT THUH COME WEST AN' TAKE OVER HER SHARE O' THUH RANCH..

YEAH... YUH'D BETTER DO THET.



TARNATION! I DIDNT RECKON ON OL' GEORGE HAVIN A DAUGHTER AN' HEIRESS WHEN I KILLED 'IM! BY JASPER-I DIDNT FIGGER THUH SHARE THET RANCH WITH GEORGE AN' I SHORE AS BLAZES AIN'T GONNA SHARE IT WITH HIS DAUGHTER!



ALL I GOTTA SAY IS- THET KID AIN'T NEVER GOIN' THUH REACH THUH J-BAR-J ALIVE!

THE DURANGO KID

A FEW WEEKS LATER...

JEST CAINT FIGGER IT OUT, STEVE—WHO KILLED GEORGE JASMINE AN' WHY?

THAT "WHY?" IS IMPORTANT, MULEY. IF ROBBERY WASN'T THE MOTIVE, THEN THAT LITTLE GIRL IS IN DANGER, TOO. THE RATS MIGHT TRY TO GET RID OF HER!



HEY! THAT REMINDS ME—THUH KID'S DUE ON TODAY'S STAGE!

HOLY SMOKE! IT OUGHT TO BE PASSING STONE GAP BY NOW!



LET'S GO! I DON'T KNOW IF THAT LITTLE GIRL IS IN DANGER OR NOT, BUT IT'S BEST TO RIDE OUT ANO MAKE SURE SHE'S PROTECTED!

RIGHT YUH ARE!



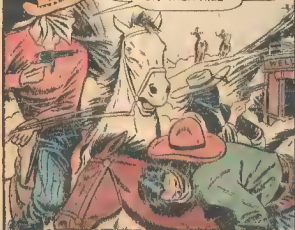
A SHORT WHILE LATER.

YUH SHORE CALLED THIS ONE, STEVE!

I HAD A FEELING THAT LITTLE KID'S LIFE WAS IN DANGER. LET'S GO! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED, PARDNER—SO BURN UP THAT IRON OF YOURS!



SWITCH YORE FIRE, MEN—HYAR COME TWO HOMBRES A-SHOOTIN'! SIGNAL THUH REST O' OUR GUYS ON THUH HILL!



YIII! THEY GOT MEN ON THET HILL YONDER! WE'RE CAUGHT IN CROSSFIRE—LOOKS BAD, STEVIE!

KEEP MOVING! IF ONLY WE HAD ANOTHER MAN TO KEEP THE OWLIES ON THAT HILL PINNED DOWN, WE COULD HANDLE THE OTHERS.



THE DURANGO KID

JUST THEN, FROM THE STAGECOACH...

NEED ANY HELP, GENTLEMEN?

BANG! BANG!

THEY DONE IT! LOOKIT 'EM TURN TAIL!

BUT THEY'RE MAKING A CLEAN GETAWAY... AND WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE OR WHAT THEY'RE AFTER...

I'M JENNY JASMINE. STRANGER - AND MUCH OBLIGED

I'M STEVE BRAND AND THIS IS MULEY PIKE, OUR LAZY X RANCH IS RIGHT NEXT TO YOURS. YOUR FATHER WAS OUR FRIEND, MISS JASMINE...

WAL, THIS SHORE AIN'T NO "POPE LITTLE KID"!

I DON'T KNOW WHY, MISS, BUT WHOEVER KILLED YOUR FATHER IS AFTER YOU, TOO. YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER. UNTIL WE CLEAR THIS UP, I'D ADVISE THAT YOU STICK CLOSE TO US AND THE SHERIFF FOR PROTECTION...

NOW GET THIS STRAIGHT, MISTER! I'M NOT HIDING BEHIND ANY MAN FOR PROTECTION! I HANDLE MY OWN GUN, AND TAKE CARE OF MY OWN AFFAIRS! I'LL THANK YOU TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR OWN AFFAIRS!

I TELL YOU THAT YOU'RE JUST A WOMAN AND NEED PROTECTION! I'M GOING TO TRAIL YOU ANYWAY, WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!

YOU JUST TRY, STEVE BRAND - AND I'LL SHOOT YOUR EARS OFF!

THE DURANGO KID

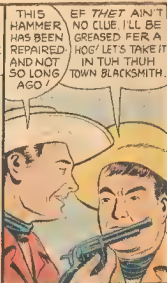


WELL, I'LL BE... / THAT
CRAZY LITTLE VIXEN / I'VE
GOT A GOOD NOTION TO
TURN HER OVER MY
KNEE AND...

EF YUH MEAN
SHE 'S GOT
SPIRIT- SHE
SHORE HAS
PARDNER!



JUST THE SAME, I'M NOT GOING
TO LET THAT HOT-HEADED DAME
STOP ME... THERE'S GOT TO BE
SOME CLUE! LET'S TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS GUN- I SHOT IT OUT OF
ONE OF THOSE OWLHOOT'S
HANDS...



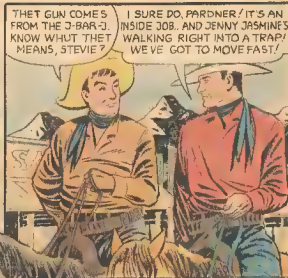
THIS
HAMMER
HAS BEEN
REPAIRED
AND NOT
SO LONG
AGO!

EF THET AIN'T
NO CLUE, I'LL BE
GREASED FER A
HOG! LET'S TAKE IT
IN TUH THUH
TOWN BLACKSMITH.

A SHORT TIME LATER, AT THE BLACKSMITH SHOR

SHORE I REMEMBER FIXIN' THIS
GUN STEVE. IT WUZ JEST LAST
WEEK... ONE O' THUH HANDS UP AT
THE J-BAR-J BROUGHT IT IN.

THAT'S ALL WE
WANT TO KNOW
BLACKY. THANKS
A MILLION

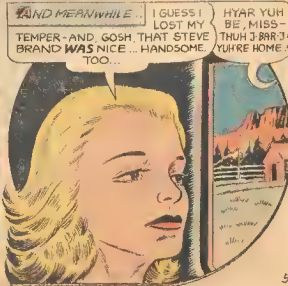


THET GUN COMES
FROM THE J-BAR-J.
KNOW WHUT THET
MEANS, STEVIE?

I SURE DO, PARDNER! IT'S AN
INSIDE JOB.. AND JENNY JASMINE'S
WALKING RIGHT INTO A TRAP!
WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!

AND IF JENNY JASMINE DOESN'T
WANT STEVE BRAND TO MIX
INTO HER AFFAIRS, THEN
THE DURANGO KID
WILL!

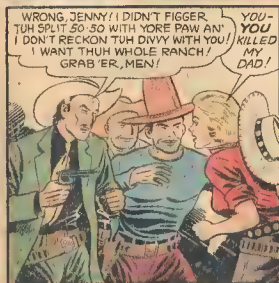
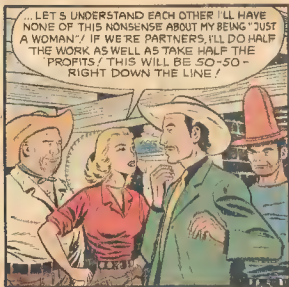
GOOD LUCK, STEVE
IT'S TIME DURANGO
TOOK A HAND
AROUND HYAR
ANYWAY!



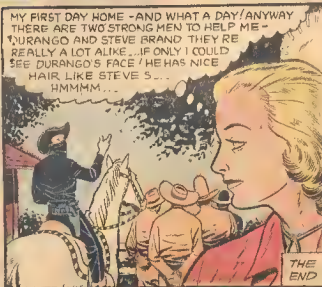
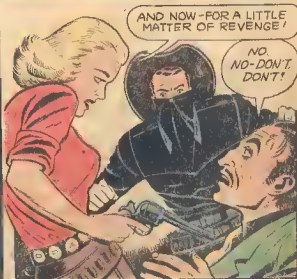
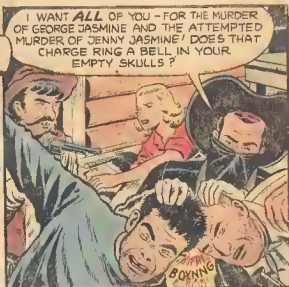
AND MEANWHILE... I GUESS I
LOST MY
TEMPER- AND, GOSH, THAT STEVE
BRAND WAS NICE... HANDSOME,
TOO...

HYAR YUH
BE, MISS-
THUH J-BAR-J!
YUH'RE HOME!

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



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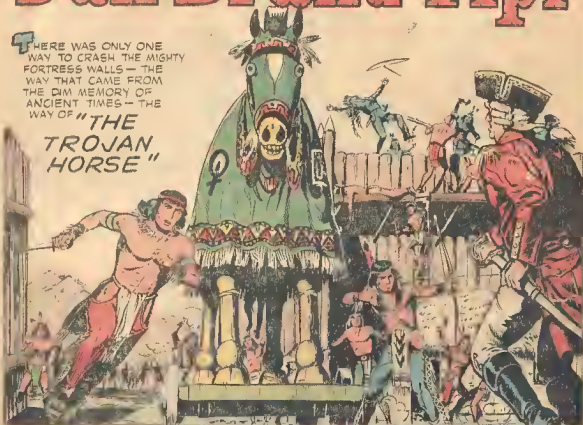
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DAN BRAND AND TIFI ARE BUSY ROUNDING UP INDIAN ALLIES FOR THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY...

SO FAR, TIFI, WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO KEEP OUR TRAILS SECRET...

AND A GOOD THING! THE BRITISH WOULD GIVE PLENTY FOR OUR HEADS!



BUT...

AMBUSH! THEY'VE FOUND OUR TRAIL!... LOOK! IT'S S! BANNIS AND HIS ONANDAGAS!

AND BRITISH SOLDIERS, TOO! AND THERE ARE MORE BEHIND US!

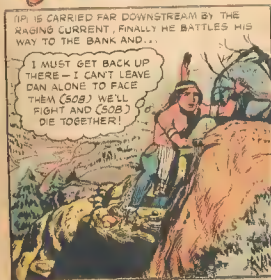
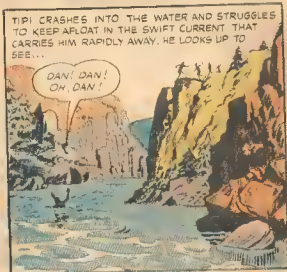


THEY'RE TOO MANY FOR US! QUICK, TIFI! THE CLIFF! THE RIVER IS BELOW!

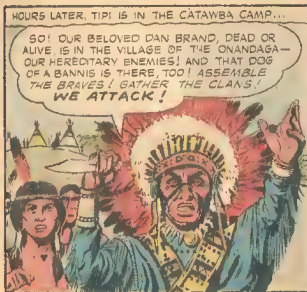
IT'S OUR ONLY WAY OUT!



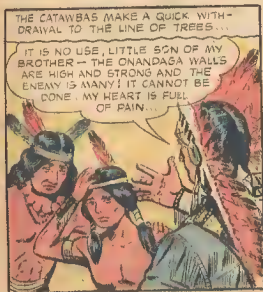
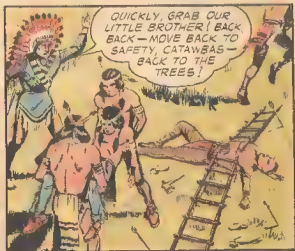
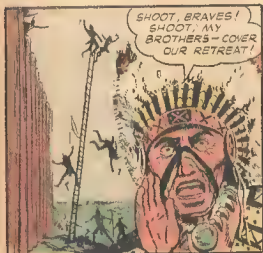
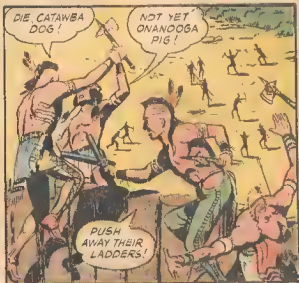
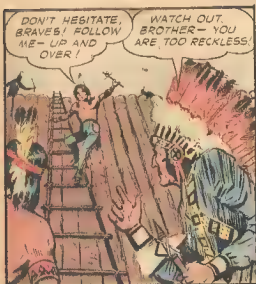
THE DURANGO KID



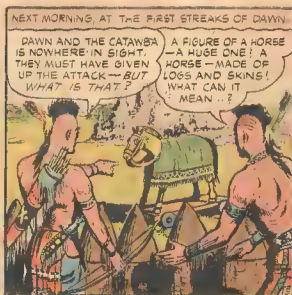
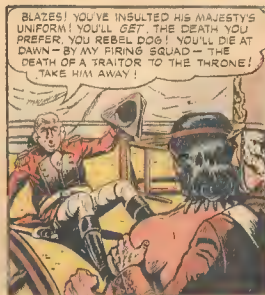
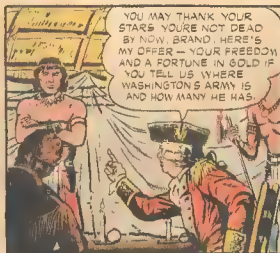
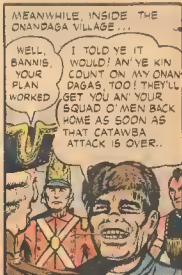
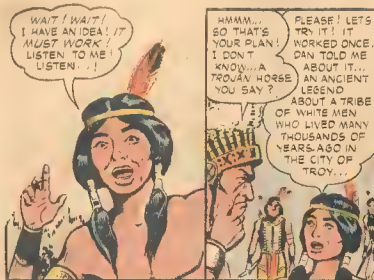
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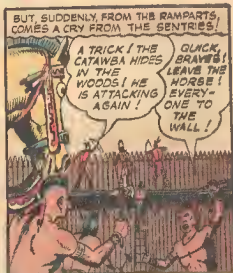
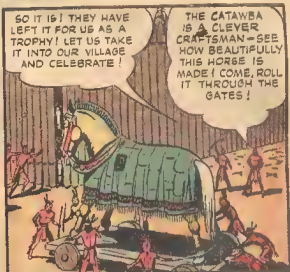
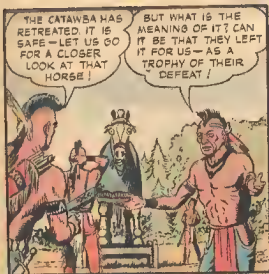
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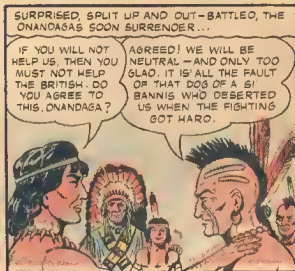
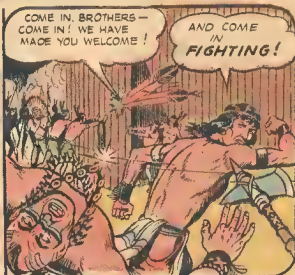
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THE DURANGO KID



THE END

FIGHTING MAN

TAKOWA, the Comanche boy, stood beside the cooking pots in front of his father's white buffalo skin tipi, and scowled fiercely. His dark black eyes were fastened on the trotting ponies and the black-painted warriors astride them, who were following the war chief, One Arrow, out of the encampment for a surprise attack on the Osages who had been raiding the Comanche horse herds.

"I am old enough to go," he told the soft breeze that swirled around the tipi. "I am twelve. If I do not win my eagle feather soon, I will be too old to fight! I will be grey and wrinkled and weak, like He-ty-oka!"

Kicking at the dust, he walked past his father's scalp stick and war shield that hung before the tipi. His heart thumped as he ran his eyes over the grisly trophies of the Indian battlefields. Some day he would have such trophies before his own tipi. Some day.

Takowa sighed and walked toward the rope picker line where the Indian ponies browsed on the short plains grass. He picked out his own mount, a buckskin pony named Wild Wind. Takowa's father was a rich man and had bought Wild Wind for Takowa three moons before. Even Little Bird, the medicine man, admitted that Wild Wind was the fastest pony in all the Comanche herds!

"With Wild Wind between my knees, I could count coup against the Arapahoes and Osages all on the same day!" Takowa growled angrily. To count coup was to touch an enemy with the hand or weapon in battle. It was a very high honor among the Indians of the plains.

He rode steadily, not wanting to play with his boyhood friends. He felt that hoop and spear and shinny and snow snake were games beneath his notice. "Let Chapa and Hehaka play those games. They do not have a pony that can outrun the wind!"

Takowa mounted up, from the deep, thick grama grass of the flats into the shrub-dotted slopes below the timber line. Thin, gnarly limbs of ocotilla, and the flat, prickly bulbs of the cactus plants lent a splash of color to the dun ground. A breeze ruffled his shiny

black hair that was bound with bone ornaments. His nostrils quickened. Takowa lifted his head, suddenly alert.

He had caught the pungent, harsh odor of Indian war paint in that breeze!

"One Arrow will have led the braves far from this point," the Comanche boy told himself. "Therefore, the war paint I smell is not Comanche war paint! If not—then whose?"

Like an eel, Takowa slipped over the side of Wild Wind and hung there, one hand buried in the thick mane of the little buckskin. The beaded moccasin on his left foot rested on the pony's rump, but with luck, it would not be seen!

Bobbing to the buckskin's every stride, Takowa peered under his mount's throat. His breath choked, and he sputtered.

A thin line of war-painted Osages were moving slowly down from the pinon-covered hills, the wind rustling the feathers dangling from their painted shields, jingling the bits of metal and shell on arm and in hair. Takowa heard the rattle of the bone breastplates as a warrior turned in the saddle to look about. They were bound for the defenseless Comanche camp!

Takowa drummed a heel on Wild Wind's belly. The little buckskin fled like a startled fawn before the twang of the Indian bowstring. At such a distance he looked to the onriding Osages like a wild, masterless horse.

His heart was making so much noise in his excitement that Takowa could hardly think! He knew what would happen when those black-visaged Osage braves hit the Comanche town. There would be screams and flowing blood, scalps ripped from heads, war arrows thunking into the few crippled or aged men who had been left behind! Takowa thought of his pretty mother, and his baby brother, and his lips tightened.

"What can I do?" he asked himself. "I wanted to be a warrior and a hero. Now I have the chance. But one twelve-year-old Comanche boy cannot fight fifty Osage braves!"

He knew, deep inside him, that even Young Buffalo, his father, or One Arrow himself,

could do nothing! And yet—

Forgetting himself, Takowa straightened on the buckskin's back. If his little idea would only work! He banged his moccasined heels into the pony's back and clung with strong young hands to the thick mane.

He rode into the Comanche village in a cloud of dust. His young voice carried the grim news from tipi to tipi as he flashed by cooking fires and meat racks. Vaguely he was aware of running women, of an old man hobbling out into the open, a war lance in his feeble hands.

Takowa reined in before the tipi of Broken Bow, the Comanche warrior who had suffered a thigh wound driving off the last Osage attack on the horse herds. Quickly, Takowa outlined his plan. As he listened, a grim smile quirked Broken Bow's mouth. He nodded agreement.

Then Takowa whirled Wild Wind and sent him at full gallop out onto the flats beyond the village where boys like Chapa and Hehaka were dropping their play sticks and running toward him.

"Osage braves!" Takowa shouted, pointing behind him. "Riding to the village! We have played many games together, my friends. But we are to play a grim game now—a game of war!"

The flat brown faces of the boys lighted eagerly. With guttural shouts they thronged about him, to listen. Takowa said, "Broken Bow will get us bows and arrows, spears and war paint! Mount your fastest ponies and meet me at the council tipi!"

Broken Bow had enlisted the quick, deft hands of the women. Bows and arrows were passed to boy after boy as he sat his horse, his face smeared hideously. Takowa was moving Wild Wind back and forth, speaking quickly.

"We have played at ambush many times, my brothers! Now we carry a man's weapons. It is not to be play now, but war! And yet—give us good ambush spots, and luck with our first arrows, and we may yet turn back the Osage dogs!"

It was a mad scheme. One Arrow or Young Buffalo would have sent the boys to their tipis with backhand blows and derisive shouts. But One Arrow and Young Buffalo were gone, and there were none to stop these vigorous future fighters. They had the blind blissfulness of inexperience in real warfare, plus youth's firm, insistent belief in its own powers.

And then—loosed secretly by Little Bird, the medicine man—a young puppy went yapping through the Indian village. "Look!" cried Little Bird, lifting a bronzed arm from beneath his red blanket. "See the young dog testing its strength. It is a good sign! I promise victory—victory for our own young

whelps riding on their first war trail!"

It was all Takowa needed. With a wild shout and a waving, upraised arm, Takowa led his friends out of the village on the gallop.

They went into the hills, at a racing run. High in the timbers, among the twisted rocks of some forgotten riverbank, they flung themselves from their ponies and ran to the rim of the *malpais*.

Looking down, they could see the Osages advancing at a steady jog. Their eyes were fixed on the distant Comanche village. They could tell the warriors were gone. Only women and old men and a few children were seen near the tipis and the cooking pots. The Osages gave harsh, grunting cries and yelps. Excitement lifted them taller. They shook bows and knives that flashed in the sunlight. A big, half-naked chief threw back his head and yapped like a dog—

It was Takowa's arrow that took the Osage chief in the throat, between jaw and collarbone. And as his arrow thudded home, other arrows whined in the air, to plunk in grisly fashion in chest and arm and leg. The boys above, their blackened faces seen here and there above a rock or shrub as they bent their war bows, were fiercely intent. Often had they played like this among these very rocks. Now play was—reality!

And yet, so sudden was the attack, so merciless were the long arrows flashing in the sunlight, that eight of the Osage warriors tumbled from their saddles before the others found their attackers! Yelps and howls of rage echoed from their throats. Lances were lifted and hurled! Osage bows bent and Osage bow-strings twanged!

Takowa stood at his full height. "Look! Look!" he shouted. "One Arrow returns! With him ride our Comanche fighting men!"

The Osages, sunk in the narrow trail, had no way of measuring the truth of Takowa's shouted words. Grunting and shouting their anger, they wheeled their horses about and pummeled the animals' sides with their moccasined heels.

It was two days later when the Comanche braves returned from the warpath, to learn the tale of Takowa and his boy-warriors. Little Bird, the medicine man, and the crippled Broken Bow, were profuse in their praise. Pride glittered in Young Buffalo's eyes as the medicine man planted a coup stick ornate with a feather denoting one coup, beside Young Buffalo's own coup stick. "He will be a great fighter, your son Takowa," prophesied Little Bird.

And Takowa, hoping in his heart that Little Bird was right, ran past them to join Chapa and Hehaka at their play. After all, a twelve-year-old boy cannot be a fighting man every hour of the day!

The DURANGO KID

THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH GOLD IS THAT IT'S MIGHTY HARD STUFF TO HOLD ON TO! BUT MULEY FINDS THAT IT'S EVEN TOUGHER TO HOLD ON TO HIS LIFE IN "MULEY PIKE'S BIG GOLD RUSH!"

OKAY BULL-SLING HIM OVER! NOW THUH GOLD MINE'LL BE ALL OURS!

FRED GUARDINEER

ONE DAY, AS MULEY CHASES A MAVERICK CALF...

YEOW!

DOGGONIT! SOMEDIN'S THUH MATTER WITH THUH GROUND HYAR - I SWEAR MUH HOSSE'S FOOT SUNK RIGHT THROUGH...

WHUT THUH - A CAVE-IN! YEOW!

HEY-THIS MUST BE SOME KIND O'ABANDONED MINE! WONDER WHUT KIND O' STUFF WUZ IN HYAR? I'LL LOOK AROUND AND...



**GOLD! GOLD!
REAL GOLD
NUGGETS!**

A GOLD MINE RIGHT
ON TUH LAZY-X
RANCH. GOLLY-NO
MORE WORK-JEST
A-SITTIN' AND A-
DREAMIN' AND A-
SLEEPIN'! WE'RE
RICH!



I'LL POP TUH WHOLE THING TUH
STEVE AS A BIG SURPRISE! I'LL GIT
INTUH TOWN AN' BUY ALL TUH
THINGS STEVE WANTED-I JEST CAIN'T
WAIT TUH SEE 'IS FACE!
YIPPEEE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

FANCY CALIFORNIA SADDLES WITH TUH
SILVER TRIMMIN'S AN' THROW IN THREE
O' TUH MOST EXPENSIVE BEAR RUGS
YUH GOT GIMME A COUPLE O'
ROCKIN' CHAIRS AN'...

I'LL TAKE
THEM TWO
WHO'S
GONNA
PAY
FER ALL
THIS
STUFF?

HEY-YO
GONNA
PAY
FER ALL
THIS
STUFF?



JEST NEVER YUH MIND
WHO'S GONNA PAY! YUH'LL
GIT YORE CASH! AN' JEST
DELIVER TUH STUFF ON
YORE WAY OUT THIS
AFTERNOON!

HMM. NOW WHAR
DID TUH LAZY-X GIT
THEIR HANDS ON
READY CASH?
SOMETHIN'S CODKIN,
BULL!



LET'S FOLLOW 'IM!
MUST BE SOME WAY TUH
GIT OUR PAWS ON SOME
O' THET EASY MONEY
TOO!

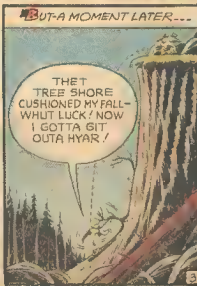
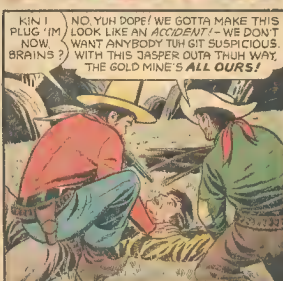
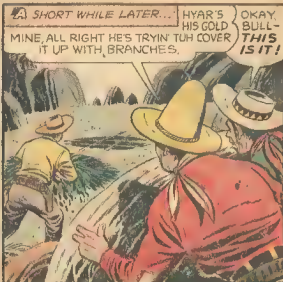
YEAH-WE'RE SHORE HURTIN'
FER AN' EASY TOUCH.
OWLHOOTIN' JEST AIN'T BEEN
THE SAME SINCE **THE
DURANGO KID** SHOWED
UP AROUND HYAR



I JEST HAD TUH
SNEAK ANOTHER LOOK-
GOLLY, WHUT
BEEOOTIFUL SHINY
GOLD!



THE DURANGO KID



BUT-ON TOP OF THE CLIFF..

THET'S FUNNY - I
DIDN'T HEAR NO
THUD / LET'S LOOK
OVER!



HE AIN'T
KILT! LEMME
PLUG 'IM NOW!



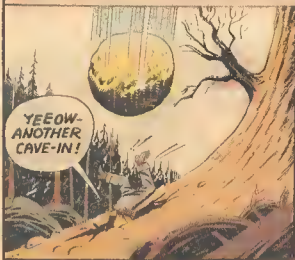
NIX YUH DOPE / LET'S
ROLL THET BOULDER
DOWN ON HIM -
NOBODY COULD LIVE
THROUGH THET!

OKAY-
NOW!



BUT-A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE BOULDER LANDS.

YEEOW-
ANOTHER
CAVE-IN!



AN' JEST IN TIME / JUMPIN' GOPHERS.
THET CAVE-IN SAVED MUH LIFE!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH O' THIS - I GOTTA
GIT OUTA HYAR FAST!



THET BOULDER SHORE
FINISHED 'IM OFF!
WUZNT EVEN NUTHIN'
LEFT O'HIM TUH
SEE!

RIGHT / NOW NOBODY
KNOW 'BOUT THIS GOLD
MINE 'CEPT US! LET'S START
DIGIN' / THET JASPER'S
DAID, ALL RIGHT!



HOLY FLYIN' COYOTES!
HE'S COME BACK
TUH HAUNT US!

3 GULP! E
A-A-
GHOST!



THE DURANGO KID

GHOSTS, GHOSTS!
YUUH...!!

I JUST AIN'T WAITIN' TUH SEE WHUT'LL HAPPEN **THIS TIME!**
MOVE, FEET—
MOVE!



HOLD ON, SHERIFF—
IT'S MULEY!
WONDER WHAT'S WRONG?



STEVE / SHERIFF /
THAR'S OWLHOOTS
TRYIN' TUH TAKE AWAY
OUR GOLD MINE!
DOZENS OF 'EM!
I LICKED A FEW OF 'EM,
BUT THEY WUZ TOO
MANY FER ME...



GOLD MINE?
OWLHOOTS?
WHAT GOLD MINE?



THEY AIN'T NO
TIME T'EXPLAIN!
THEY WENT
THAT-A-WAY!



GRAB 'EM!
AN' SAVE ME A
COUPLE O'GOOD
LICKS!



HIT S THUH JONES BROTHERS -WANTED
FER PETTY ROBBERY IN A DOZEN
STATES! ALL RIGHT, BOYS -YUH KIN
STOP RUNNIN' NOW!



OKAY, PARDNER-NOW START
TALKING / WHAT ABOUT THAT
GOLD MINE?



JUST
FOLLY ME,
GENTS!



GOLD? HAW-HAW-HAW-HAW!
THET'S **PYRITE -FOOL'S GOLD!** AIN'T
WORTH A PENNY! THET FAKE MINE'S BEEN
MAKIN' A SUCKER OUTA GREENHORN
PROSPECTORS FER TWENTY YEARS!
YAK! YAK! YAK!



THAT NIGHT...

ALL RIGHT, PARDNER—
YOU JUST LOAD THAT STUFF
PRONTO AND TAKE IT BACK
TO THE STORE!

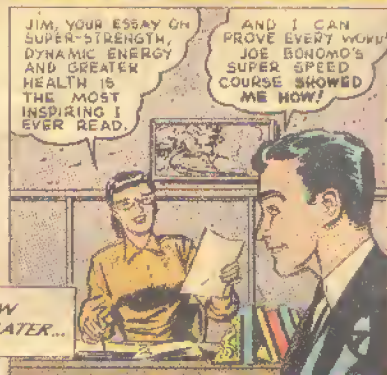
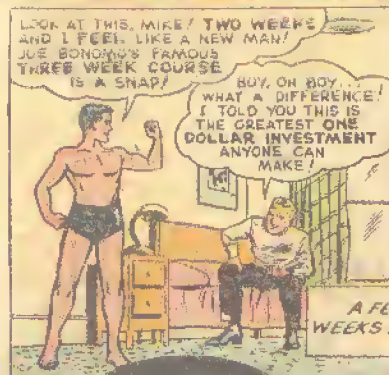


GRUMBLE...GRUMBLE...
WHY DON'T
SOMETHIN' **NICE**
HAPPEN TUH ME
FER A CHANGE?



THE
END

THREE WEEKS AND ¹/₂ MADE THIS "SAD SACK" HEP!



REVOLUTIONARY
REVELATIONARY!

ONLY \$1 PER WEEK

FREE

VALUE
VALUE
VALUE

FEATS OF STRENGTH

LISTEN YOU! CUT OUT WISHING!

NOW—Have a Walloped-Packed BODY OF SUPER STRENGTH, Dynamic Energy and Greater Health

JOE BONOMO STARTS YOU ON YOUR WAY TOWARDS ALL THREE—IN JUST THREE WEEKS!

IN 7 DAYS YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

JOE BONOMO

TELLS YOU HOW! SHOWS YOU HOW!

STARTS YOU IN JUST A SHORT 3 WEEKS

FAMOUS STRONGMEN'S MANUAL

FREE • FREE • FREE WHEN YOU ORDER NOW!

32-Picture-Packed Pages on Strength Feats Strongmen are famous for. All Yours! Do you know how to (1) Break A Spike With Your Teeth? (2) Tear A Phone Book In Half? (3) Hold 4 Persons In The Air? (4) Drive A Spike Thru A Thick Board? (5) Break A Rock With Your Fist? See how these—plus many more—can be done.

• Fellows of all ages who want to make a real success out of themselves... a New Life, Bigger and Stronger... HERE IT IS! Joe Bonomo's New and Complete THREE WEEK SPEED COURSE is priced to give you Real Value! Think of it: ONE DOLLAR AND 10 MINUTES A DAY IS ALL THAT YOU NEED!

Your Speed Course is written in plain, blunt, locker room language... Can Give You amazing results! Contains (1) Body Facts Lectures, (2) Muscle Charts, (3) Training Table Talks... GIVES YOU "Psycho-Power", "Rhythmic Progression", "Vibro-Pressure", "Tonic Relaxation"...

The Big Four Also Physical (PDQ) Development Quotient... PLUS, Inspirational Strongmen's Pictures to help wake up the Body of Yours! Yes, for less than 5¢ a day... plus 10 minutes daily... you, too, can find out about POWER—STRENGTH—GLOWING HEALTH—ABUNDANT VIGOR—DYNAMIC ENERGY.

Get a Two-Fisted, All-Round Thrill in becoming a Real Man in Three Weeks. Wake Up! Tone Up! Build Up! Follow Mighty Joe Bonomo and make your start toward becoming a "Super Strongman!"

YOU WILL BEGIN TO ENJOY THE THRILL AND ADMIRATION OF YOUR MAN-SIZED NEW BODY THE FIRST DAY YOU START—SO HURRY, DON'T DELAY! WRITE TO: DAY!

IMAGINE! Only THREE WEEKS and the amazing NEW LOW PRICE of ONE DOLLAR may actually give you MORE AMBITION—SUCCESS—ENERGY and a Full Rich Life of POPULARITY!

STRONGMEN'S CLUB OF AMERICA
JOE BONOMO, DIRECTOR
1841 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY 23

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JOE BONOMO, DIRECTOR
1841 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY 23

Dept. M-10
"MAIL THIS "NO-RISK" COUPON RIGHT NOW!

Okay, Joe. Send me your Famous Three Week "SPEED COURSE" for the special price of \$1. I am acting fast so be sure to include your free gift of the Strongmen's Manual "Feats of Strength." If I am not thrilled and satisfied in every way, I may return these in 7 days for a full one dollar refund.

Name _____ (Please Print Plainly)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
\$5 enclosed () Check () Money Order () Cash ()

**Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time!
We Start You FREE—Don't Invest One Cent!**

MAKE *BIG MONEY*

WITH FAST-SELLING WARM

MASON LEATHER JACKETS

Rush Coupon for FREE Selling Outfit!

NOW IT'S EASY to make BIG MONEY in a profit-making, spare-time business! As our man in your community, you feature Mason's fast-selling Horsehide, Capeskin, Suede and other fine leather jackets—nationally known for smart styling, rugged wear, wonderful warmth. Start by selling to friends and fellow workers! Think of all the outdoor workers around your own home who will be delighted to buy these fine jackets direct from you: truck drivers, milkmen, cab drivers, postmen, gas station, construction, and railroad men—hundreds right in your own community! You'll be amazed how quickly business grows. And no wonder!—You offer these splendid jackets at low money-saving prices people can afford! Our top-notch men find it's easy to make up to \$10.00 a day EXTRA income!

SHOE AND LEATHER JACKET ARE BOTH
LINED WITH WARM SHEEPSKIN!

Be the first to sell men who work outdoors this perfect combination!—Non-scuff, warm Horsehide leather jacket lined with wooly Sheepskin, and new Horsehide work shoe also warmly lined with fleecy Sheepskin and made with oil-resisting soles and leather storm welt!



These Special Features Help You Make Money From First Hour!

... Men really go for these warm Mason jackets of long-lasting Pony Horsehide leather, fine Capeskin leather, soft luxurious Suede leather. You can even take orders for Nylon, Gabardine, 100% Wool, Satin-faced Twill jackets, men's raincoats, too! And just look at these EXTRA features that make Mason jackets so easy to sell:

- Warm, cozy linings of real Sheepskin...nature's own protection against cold!
- Quilted and rayon linings!
- Laskin Lamb waterproof, non-matting fur collars!
- Knitted wristlets!
- Especially-treated leathers that do not scuff or peel!
- Zipper Fronts!
- Extra-large pockets!
- Variety of colors for every taste: brown, black, green, grey, tan, blue!

Even MORE Profits with Special-Feature Shoes

Take orders for Nationally-advertised, Velvet-ez Air-Cushion Shoes in 160 dress, sport, work styles for men and women. Air-Cushion Inner-sole gives wonderful feeling of "walking on air" all day long. As the Mason men in your town, you actually feature more shoes in a greater range of sizes and widths than the largest store in town! And at low, direct-from-factory prices! It's easy to fit customers in the style they want—they keep re-ordering, too—put dollars and dollars into your pocket! Join the exceptional men who make up to \$200 extra a month and get their family's shoes and garments at wholesale prices!

Send for FREE SELLING OUTFIT Today!

Mail the coupon today—I'll rush your powerful Free Jacket and Shoe Selling Outfit including 10-second Air-Cushion Demonstrator, and EVERYTHING you need to start building a steady, BIG MONEY, repeat-order business, as thousands of others have done with Mason!

SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MA-47
MASON SHOE MFG. COMPANY,
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

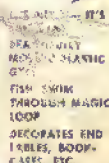
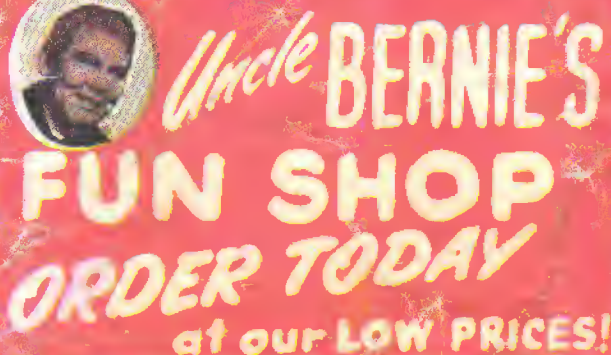
You bet I want to start my own extra-income business! Please rush FREE and postpaid my Powerful Selling Outfit—featuring fast-selling Mason Jackets, Air-Cushion Shoes, other fast-selling specialties—so I can start making BIG MONEY right away!

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

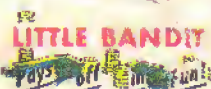
MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
DEPT. MA-47
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.



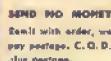
What keeps the water in the loop? Amaze and mystify your friends with this sensational new "mystery" fishbowl molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific tube loop. Fill it with approximately 1/2 gallon of water as per our secret instructions, then insert two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they fish and frolic through the loop. The perfect complement to any room. Decorates end-tables, bookcases, etc. Makes a wonderful gift. **SEND NO MONEY. C.O.D. you pay postage.** Remit with order, we pay postage.



SEND NO MONEY C.D. you pay postage. Remit with order we pay postage.



Want thrills, excitement and action? Then get yourself the LITTLE BANDIT. This miniature slot machine operates like the regulation size machine. Pull down the lever, the wheels spin and a combination shows up in actual colors. Award chart on machine gives exciting, made of sturdy, colorful plastic. Non-rein operated. Full instructions and game suggestions are included.



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59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following.
 Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M. O. ☐ C. O. D. plus postage

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|--|--------|---|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> FISH-BOWL | \$2.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> Slot Machine | \$1.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ginger | \$3.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> Bucking bronco | \$2.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HAPPY THE COWBOY \$2.98 | | | |

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Address _____ City _____ State _____

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